

## TABERNACLE PULPIT.

## "A ROYAL GARDEN" SUBJECT OF THE PRESS SERMON.

"I Am Come Into My Garden"—The Church Which Christ Has Planted the Salvation of the World Morally, Intellectually and Politically.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 1.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing Australia, on his round-the-world journey, has selected for the subject of his sermon, through the press today, "The Royal Garden," the text being taken from Solomon's song 3:1: "I am come into my garden."

The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—decrees even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry VI at Montpelier established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shennstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression upon the world; but his garden, "the Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor, and terrace, and slope, and rustic temple, and reservoir, and urn, and fountain, here had been put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shennstone, and all that diligence and genius were brought to the adornment of that one treasure spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seventeen thousand. And yet I am to tell you of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which he taught us to plant, he owned it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs, and tears, and pangs, and agonies! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, ye sun that didst hide, ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it." If then the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come then, O blessed Jesus, this morning, walk up and down these aisles and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself.

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else they will be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil, or coreopsis; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus and dark-veined arbutus, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden, and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unobtrusive, but sweet in heaven. You have to search for such spirits to find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightening face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they have covered it all over with flowering jasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These Christians in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light; but whenever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within—men with sharp points of character. They would almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe toil he has raised even the smallest crop of grace.

A very harsh minister was talking with a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men to do right than for others to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said: "I dare not join the church." I said: "Why?" "Oh," he said: "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large amount of water into the milk can, and I said to him: 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the church?" Nevertheless, that very same man, who was so harsh in

his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, but sweetness within—the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always ardent, always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue; that we occasionally find called "giants of battle"—the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers and Samuel Rutherford. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes life. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say: "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say: "Why don't you have in the world more Napoleons and Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to another one.

In this garden of the church, which Christ has planted, I also find the snowdrops, beautiful but cold looking, seemingly another phase of the winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulse never dutes, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people; but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In the music of their life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service, or they would not be there; snowdrops, always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a "century plant," your emotions are started. You say: "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the Passion Flower of the Cross. Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the buds, the rocks shook at its bursting, and the dead got up in their winding-sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is heaven. Come, Oh winds, from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ my Lord.

His worth, if all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

Again: The church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of select fruits. That it would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, no peaches or apricots. The corner fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity, but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them. He planted them in his garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, he laid the corner stone of a very blind asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man: "Take up thy bed and walk!" he laid the corner stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said: "I was in prison and ye visited me," he laid the corner stone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The Church of Christ is a glorious garden and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to have been thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little grained fruit? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainebleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of grained fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be just as frank, and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians. There are Christian men in the church whose religion is not a matter of psalm-singing and church-going. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated on "exchange" as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women in the church of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a

woman who has a drunken husband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Hugh Latimer in the fire. He has been consumed in twenty minutes. Her's has been a twenty year's martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has lain fifteen years on his back unable even to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy—glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

I have told you of the better tree in this garden, and of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split, and bruised, and barked, men said nothing would ever grow upon it; but no sooner had that tree been planted, than it budded, and blossomed, and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it the antidote to all their evil propensities, to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Eshcol, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple in Eden killed the race, this one cluster of mercy shall restore it.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one life boat. In that life boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went—came and went—but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the tuff and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman, "Save me next! Save me next! Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin. Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not, this morning, crying until Jesus shall hear you, and heaven and earth ring with the cry, 'Save me next! Save me next!'"

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Items of Interest About Topeka People and Visitors to Town.

The Misses Hambleton gave an informal reception last evening for their guests Misses Chandler and Palmer and Messrs. Hall and Koutz of Omaha. The delectable room was fragrant with sweet peas and looked delightfully cool with many vines and a variety of luxuriant foliage. The dining room was in yellow with narturiums, yellow draperies and yellow shaded lamps making a very pretty effect.

The young ladies were assisted in receiving by Misses Margaret Dudley, Ruth Farnsworth, Edna Lakin and Marquerite Bradley.

About one hundred guests were present.

## A Picnic to Grantville.

A picnic party which was to go to Grantville today consisted of the following young people: Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Waite and Mr. and Mrs. John Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holt, Misses Lizzie and Mary Davis, May Gordon, Bartina Knowles, Edith Campbell, Fannie Blakesley, Edith Davis, Mattie Hanley, Isora Davis and Messrs. O. O. Osborn, Lewis Jones, Bowen, A. A. Hayes, James Hazlett, Richard Thomas, Bert Worden, Geo. Gould and Fred Frost.

## General Social Notes.

Misses Laura Davis of Newton, Lottie Bowes, Leda Saxton, Minnie Davis, Jessie Garwood and Messrs. Guy Hagar, Harmon Kyus, Frank Osmer, Roy Frampton and Chas. Lagerstrom will spend the day at Spencer.

Mrs. A. H. Thompson entertained a few young people last evening for Miss Agnes Lee of Kansas City.

Mrs. A. C. Chandler of Arkansas City is visiting friends on Clay street.

Mrs. Chas. Brady, nee Nellie Warren, is expected the latter part of the week to visit her parents.

Mrs. J. R. Hayden will give a dancing party Thursday evening for Miss Ceila Hayden of Columbus, O.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sim went to Chicago today.

Miss Bertha Quigley of Atchison is visiting friends in town.

Miss Emma Marmont is spending the day in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Dr. Stormont donated \$1,000 in addition to the thousand already raised by the First Presbyterians to liquidate the church debt.

C. A. Roehr of Warren M. Crosby & Co., left yesterday for the east to buy goods, and for pleasure.

Messrs. Guy Lee and Wesley Wellhite are guests of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Thompson.

Mrs. Kirk Levy of Scranton spent yesterday in the city.

Mrs. A. A. Rogers and Dr. Andrews, her guest, have gone to Washington, D. C.

J. D. Bowersock of Lawrence spent Monday in town.

Mrs. P. H. Adams is very ill.

Mrs. M. J. Arnot leaves Friday for a visit in St. Louis.

Miss Kate Montgomery of Carbondale is the guest of Mrs. K. U. Whitte.

Miss Pearl Webster, visiting Miss Cora Ramsey in St. Mary's.

Horace Schaefer of Valley Falls was in town yesterday on his way to Chicago; where his wife is very ill.

Horace J. Newberry, of Omaha, Neb., formerly of the Kansas Farmer, is visiting his father at 1008 Kansas avenue.

Omaha, Neb., May 4, 1891.

To Whom It May Concern:

I am troubled considerably with headache and have tried almost everything which is used a preventative or cure, but there is nothing that has done me so much good as Krause's Headache Capsules.

Sold by all druggists.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve for Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Skin Affections and Piles.

J. K. Jones

Shirts mended by the Peerless.

## NEWS OF KANSAS.

## A Man Run Over by the Cars Near Axtell.

Wellington Druggists' License Ordinance Repealed.

## OTHER STATE NEWS.

Mrs. Martin Gets \$10,000 in Linwood Wreck Case.

SENECA, July 4.—Two men named McBride and Scott were driving across the tracks of the St. Joseph & Grand Island railroad at Axtell, Kan., twelve miles west of Lere, when they were struck by an eastbound stock express running at a high rate of speed, killing McBride and badly injuring Scott.

## TIPPING SHOP ORDINANCE.

Kansas City Will Do Away With the Power of Populists' Board.

KANSAS CITY, July 4.—Resolutions will be introduced at the next meeting of the city council to have an ordinance drawn up to repeal the tipping shop ordinance. Councilman Trower will submit it and will fight for it, so the repealing ordinance will be brought before the next meeting.

Under the present ordinance each jointer pays a fine of \$50 and each gambling house \$100 every month, so the new ordinance will do away with the Populist police board. The joint men are complaining they are arrested too often and that makes the councilmen wonder where this so-called license money goes to. The city received a revenue of \$7,000 under the former board and now it receives nothing.

## AN ANTE-FOURTH ACCIDENT.

Two Lawrence Boys are Badly Burned With Powder.

LAWRENCE, July 4.—Some boys were fooling with powder in front of O. G. Olson's residence at 1829 New York street when the powder exploded severely burning Fred Olson, the 12-year-old son of O. G. Olson, and Ben Carter, aged 14.

Fred Olson was burned about the head and face and it is thought his right eye is destroyed. Ben Carter was also seriously burned about the head, face and hands. The boys are not fatally hurt and will recover.

## DRUGGISTS' NEEDN'T PAY.

The Wellington License Ordinance Repealed Over Mayor's Veto.

WELLINGTON, July 4.—The council took an unkind advantage of Mayor Savage at the last meeting and while he was spinning along on his way to Topeka the council passed the ordinance repealing the druggists' license ordinance over his veto, already published, by a vote of 7 to 2.

## Charged With Assault.

GIRARD, July 4.—Jesse Creswell, a young man 19 years old, has been arrested by John Harms, for whom he has been working on a farm two miles west and north of Girard for two months, and brought to this city charged with an assault on the 8-year-old daughter of Mr. Harms. The man was bound over to the district court in the sum of \$1,000.

## Fall Out of a Window.

ATCHISON, July 4.—John Trimble of this city fell out of a second story window of a hotel at Concordia and was very seriously injured. He got out of bed in his sleep and climbed out of the window. He was brought to Atchison yesterday afternoon and is now at the home of Frank Trimble.

## Depositors Paid in Full.

ENTERPRISE, July 4.—The depositors of the Enterprise bank have been paid in full, receiving checks on the Bank of Topeka for the amount of their deposits. The stockholders of the institution will realize about fifty cents on the dollar on the investment.

## Got \$10,000 Damages.

CLAY CENTER, July 4.—The jury in the Linwood wreck case returned a verdict of \$10,000 in favor of Mrs. Lissa Martin against both the Union Pacific and Rock Island railroad companies. The case will be appealed to the supreme court.

## NORTH TOPEKA.

Items of Interest from the North Side of the River.

Many of the business houses on this side of the river did not open up at all this morning and by 10 o'clock nearly everything was closed except the drug stores and places for the dispensation of fruits and fireworks and liquid refreshments. The proprietors of the latter places who had laid in large stocks in anticipation of the usual Fourth of July trade, wore a sad and dejected look as they gazed out on the almost deserted streets and listened to the steady patter of the rain.

Here and there a member of Marshall's band could be seen trying to discover some sign of fair weather. The band had anticipated a big day at Garfield park and a large increase in the treasury balance. The man with the toy balloons put in an appearance shortly before noon, but soon became discouraged and disappeared. The rain could not stop the small boy however and street and alleys reverberated with the roar of firecrackers of all sizes. The philosophic merchant was able however to derive some consolation from the reflection that much money would be saved to the people, which might ultimately reach his till; "tis an ill wind etc."

A full leather extension top surrey for \$100, at Lukens Bros., North Topeka.

Call at Garner & Lane's cash grocery, 845 North Kansas avenue. They meet all competition.

"Our New Delight" and all Dangler stoves at H. M. Climes.

Monarch gasoline stoves at Henry's.

Go to Henry's for roofing and spouting.

For bargains in shingles see E. P. Ewart, Gordon and Kansas avenue.

Go to Will Griffith's for the best tin, galvanized iron and pump work.

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and Stomach Disorders. Remedy these by using Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers and your Headache disappears. The favorite Little Pill everywhere. J. K. Jones.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

## STRIKING A BARGAIN.

A Young Chicagoan Who Knew What He Was Talking About.

"What have you got there?" asked Mr. Billus, encountering a boy at his front door as he stepped out for the purpose of starting down town.

"Handbills," replied the boy. "Goin to be a auction over here in the next street. House hold furniture, carpets, kitchen utensils, an bedclothes an various other kinds of truck. Attention of the women p'tic'larly invited."

Mr. Billus' hair rose; also his gore. "You needn't leave any here," he said sharply, seizing the one that had been wrangled about the doorknob, crushing it in his hand and thrusting it into his coat pocket.

"Got to leave one at every house," said the boy. "Them's my orders."

"I tell you I don't want any of them left here. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, get down from here and go along."

"I'll get down," grumbled the boy, proceeding reluctantly down the steps, "but I won't go along. I'll wait round here till you're out of sight, and I'll come back and scatter these bills all over your yard."

"I'll just stay here and see if you do, you impudent little!"

"That's all right. I'll be hangin round not far off. I'm paid by the week, and my time's cheaper'n yours. I ain't in no hurry. Besides," expostulated the lad, "it wouldn't be honest fur me to slight my work. I'm hired to leave these bills at every house, an I'm goin to do it, by jinks!"

Mr. Billus reflected. He had got the worst of the argument thus far. "Bub," he said, "let's compromise. I have special reasons for not wanting any of these handbills left at my house, and if this will be an inducement for you not to leave any"—here he drew a silver dollar from his pocket—"I'll give it to you as a reward and in recognition of your sterling honesty."

"Now ye're talkin business," replied the incorruptible youth, pocketing the coin. "I'll skip the whole block."

And he wiped his nose on his coat sleeve and ran down the street.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Fable.

Once it happened that as a sweet and beauteous young maiden was passing along the highway she noticed a particularly deep and nasty mud puddle, which the inhabitants of the place called "Politics."

Thereupon the tender heart of the maiden was moved with pity for the passersby, whose sight and nostrils were offended by this grievous thing.

So she spoke unto herself and said: "Behold, am I not fair and pure and beautiful? Are not my garments clean and spotless? Therefore I will cast myself into this puddle and purify it!"

But when she had cast herself into the mire and rolled in it the effect on the puddle was not perceptible, but the effect on the maiden—

Moral.—The primaries are not afternoon teas.—Life.

## She Was Crushed.

"Is this a smoking car?" she asked in choice Bostonese as she peered through her girlish spectacles into the uncultured conductor's face.

"No, miss," he answered, with a glad joyous feeling that for once he was getting even with a woman. "It is not."

She disappeared into the interior of the car, but in a few moments came out livid with wrath.

"You—told—me," she said in icy tones, "that it was not a smoking car."

"It is not, miss. None of our cars smokes. It is the smokers' car."—Detroit Free Press.

## Not Superstitious.

Husband—Wife, dear, what are you sighing for?

Wife—Just fancy, there are going to be 13 of us to supper!

Husband—Bless me, child, you are not superstitious, are you?

Wife—Not in the least. But I have only provided for nine persons.—Entertainment.

## Why the Price Fell.

Pompano—Two hundred dollars, sir, for that horse, and it cost me a thousand.

Blotterwick (unspiciously)—Isn't that an unusual reduction?

Pompano (frankly)—Yes, it is. But he ran away and killed my wife, and I have to further use for him.—Life.

## Might Have Been Both.

First Boarder—What ails Dumbuck's appetite? He has hardly eaten enough for two days to keep him alive.

Second Boarder—It's love or policy, I don't know which. He's courting the landlady's daughter.—Chicago Tribune.

## It Is Impracticable in Boston.

The very latest fashion in uncovering the head as a salute has reached Boston by way of New York. It consists in lifting the hat from the head and then suddenly thrusting it straight out before you at arm's length. On Broadway no other style of salutation is recognized as good form, but in the crowded and narrow streets of Boston it is most difficult of achievement. It is not unusual for a man who attempts it not only to smash his hat, but to waste 10 minutes in apologizing to the people who were too near him when he executed the salute. It has to be done with such a jerk to be effective that one stands a good chance of giving the person in front of him a notion that he has been sandbagged, and it is difficult to explain away an impression like that.—Boston Journal.

Good work done by the Peerless.

## THE NAVAL WAR COLLEGE.

Lectures For Young Naval Officers In The New Building on Coasters' Island.

Up to a few days ago the United States Naval War college at Newport was an institution that had very little to recommend it except a resonant name and a lofty and useful purpose. For the past two years a number of demagogic lectures have been delivered at Coasters' island in the old asylum originally built as a home for the poor of Newport.

The war college languished for lack of the sinews of war until congress realized the necessity for a new building and appropriated \$100,000 for the purpose. The structure which was recently opened with imposing ceremonies is the result.

The summer session of the school has already commenced in the new home, and results of much practical benefit to our naval officers may be hoped for. Speaking of the purposes of the institution, Admiral Stephen Lucie says:

Intended for officers of mature years, it presupposes, on the part of those who attend its sessions, a good technical education, such as is furnished by the Naval academy, and the ex-

tra professional attainment generally acquired by men of reading and observation. With such a foundation those who seek to enjoy the advantages are expected to take up military and naval history, and the laws of war as laid down by the best authorities on international law. The study of war includes strategy, grand tactics, minor tactics, logistics and those branches of international law which enter the domain of statesmanship. Its comprehensive scope of studies and the exacting program of the military staff colleges of Europe. In fact, it might be called a naval staff college. A naval staff, using the term in its military sense, has become a recognized necessity of a modern navy.

The new building is situated near the old college. It is of gray Full River granite roughly finished and rectangular in form, with a front of 210 feet by 48 feet deep. The style of architecture is Flemish in design, and the entire building is lighted by electricity and heated by steam. Between the two wings the main body will be devoted to the college proper. The western portion of the building is given up to the library. On the second floor there is a large lecture room at each end, which runs up to the roof.

"There is a Salve for every wound." We refer to Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures burns, bruises, cuts, indented sores, as a local application in the nostrils it cures catarrh, and always cures piles. J. K. Jones.

Having purchased F. W. Whittier's interest in the firm, we are prepared to give the people of Topeka the best the market affords. WHITTIER & SONS, 730 Kansas ave.

Subscribe for the Daily STATE JOURNAL.

Prescott & Co. will remove to No. 113 West Eighth this month.

D. Holmes, druggist, 731 Kansas ave.

Webb & Harris, druggist, Bennett's Flat.

## Wake Up

The Boston Shoe Co., 511 Kas. Ave., will offer special drives in fine Footwear this week, as we are overstocked in ladies summer Footwear. We will cut prices to suit the times to realize money.

## LOOK AND READ!